chose to pursue her catechism.

the desk and extracted a box.

Do you eare for a cigar?"

"No, thanks."

acting just now?"

the acting?"

terful woman's mentality.

But it's a stock question, you know.

She opened a mahogany humidor on

"Right-according to Hoyle-tha

"Acting?" Lanyard repeated, in-

"Precisely-pretending you're an or-

trigued by the acuteness of this mas-

dinary criminal. For a moment I actu-

ally believed you afraid of me. But

you're neither that nor a common

crook. How do I know? Because

of a cultivated man; you've stopped

how powerfully you're made. If I

hadn't found this revolver you could

overpower me in an instant-and I'm

no weakling, as women go. Then why

Studying his captor with narrow in-

terest, Lanyard smiled faintly and

shrugged, but made no response. He

could do no more than this-no more

than spar for time. The longer he in-

dulged this woman in her whim for the

bizarre, the more assured were Lucy's

street. But he was on edge with ap-

"Come, come!" Mme. Omber insist-

ed. "You're hardly civil, my good man.

'You don't expect me to-do you?"

A glint of anger shone in the wom-

"You're right," she said shortly; "I

dare say Sidonie isn't asleep yet. I'll

Bending over the desk, without re-

From some remote quarter of the

"Pity you're so brazen," she com-

Lanyard made no reply. In fact, he

In this suspense the iron control

which had always heretofore been his

was breaking down-since now it was

for another that he was concerned.

And he wasted no strength trying to

enforce it. The stress of his anxiety

was both undisguised and indisguis-

able. Nor did Mme. Omber overlook

already the cell door clangs loudly in

"What's the trouble, eh? Is it that

As the woman spoke Lanyard left

his chair with a spring as lithe and

sure and swift as an animal's, that car-

ried him like a shot across the two

A hair's breath of error in his reck-

oning would have finished him, for the

other had been alert for just such a

move, and the revolver was nearly

evel with Lanyard's head when he

seized it by the barrel, imprisoned the

woman's wrist with his other hand.

and in two movements had possessed

himself of the pistol without hurting

"Don't be alarmed," he said quietly.

"I'm not going to do anything more

violent than to put this out of com-

Breaking it smartly, he shot a

shower of cartridges to the floor. The

"Lucy-You-"

empty weapon itself he tossed into a

"Hope I didn't hurt you," he added

He took a stride toward the door.

then hung there in hesitation, frown-

ing absently at the woman, who, with

out moving, laughed quietly and eyed

Lanyard with a twinkle of malicious

The adventurer returned her stare

with one of thoughtful appraisal; from

character of uncommon tolerance and

abruptly; then checked himself in con-

strained appreciation of his impudence.

"Pardon, madame, but-" he began

"If that's permission to interrupt

Footfalls became audibie on the

"Is that you, Sidonie?" madame

abstractedly-"but your pistol was in

wastebasket beneath the desk.

my way!"

diversion

yards or so that separated them.

you'd be a rather engaging person!"

"Just a little less side, and

house sounded the grumble of an elec-

moving her gaze from the adventurer,

his captor groped for, found and

prehension of mischance.

Answer my question."

pressed a call-button.

wasn't attending.

an's eyes.

mented.

your ears?"

its owner.

mission.



CHAPTER XXVIII-Continued.

-13-The light, gushing from the opaque hood, made the safe door a glare, and was thrown back into her intent young said. face. Even so, he would have recognized the sharp silhouette cut by her poise of her head, the carriage of her honorshoulders, the gracious bosom rounding her tailored coat.

She was all in black, even to her gloved hands-no trace of white or any back, do you think I would have bro- still alight, and Lanyard knew that the color showing on her person but the ken in here tonight to rob for Banfair curve of her cheek below the non?" mask and the red of her lips. And if that were not enough, the intelligence | mented in a dangerous voice. with which she attacked the combination and the confident, businesslike business.

His thoughts were all weltering in this encounter meant, appreciated that me." it explained many things he would have thought questionable had not the strength of his infatuation forbade him to consider them at all; but in the pain and anguish of that moment he could entertain but one thought, which possessed him altogether-the thought that she must somehow be saved from the crime she contemplated.

But while he delayed, shrinking from the necessity of discovering himself to her, it was made clear that she had become sensitive to his presence. He had made no sound since she en-

watching her.

In the act of opening the safeworking the combination from that very sheet of paper on which he had made memoranda of its sequence-he saw her pause, freeze to a pose of attention, then turn to stare directly at the portiere behind which he was concealed. And through an eternal second he watched her kneeling there, so still that she seemed not even to park." breathe, her gaze fixed and level, waiting for some sound, some tremor of the drapery folds to confirm her sus-

When at length she stirred it was to rise in one swift, alert movement. And now as she paused with her slight shoulders squared and her head thrown front doors silenced him. back defiantly, challengingly, he knew

As if without will of his own, but drawn irresistibly by her gaze, he

stepped out from hiding. with no consideration for their situation, with no thought for the fact that the slightest sound might raise a hue the front doors. and cry upon them, he took a faltering step toward her, stopped, flung forth a hand with a gesture of appeal, and

"Lucy-you-"

His voice broke. He waited. She didn't answer other than to recoil as though he had offered to strike her, and she commenced to retreat. wearing a look of utter grief and wretchedness, until presently the table stopped her, and she leaned back against it, as if glad of the support. "Oh!" she cried, trembling-"why-

why did you do it?" He might have answered her in kind, but self-justification passed his power. He couldn't say: "Because tonight you made me lose faith in life itself, and I thought to forget you by going to the devil the quickest way I knew-this way!"-though that was true. He couldn't say: "Because, a thief from boyhood, habit proved too strong for me, and I couldn't withstand temptation!"-for that was untrue.

He could only hang his head and wretchedly confess: "I don't know." As if he hadn't spoken, as if she hadn't heard, she cried again, "Whyoh, why-did you do it? I was so proud of you, so sure of you-the man who had turned straight because of me! It compensated. But now!"

Har voice broke in a short, dry sob. "Compensated?" he repeated stupid-

ly. "Yes, compensated." She threw back her head with a gesture of impa-"For this-don't you under stand?-for this that I'm doing! You don't suppose I've come here of my own accord?-that I went back to Bannon for any reason but to try to save you from him? I knew something of his power, and you didn't; I knew, if I went away with you he'd never rest until he h d you murdered, if he had to follow you round the world to do it! And I thought if I could mislead him by lies for a little time-long enough to give you opportunity to leave France-I thought-perhaps-if I could overcome my terror of him-I might be able to communicate with the police, denounce him."

She hesitated, breathless and ap-

At her first words he had drawn close to her; and all their speech was ched in muted murmurings, barely quite instinctive, for in the passion of yand considerations of prudence, their herent thought being that now. and for all time, all misunderanding between them must be done



possessed himself of her hand. "You cared as much as that!" he

"I love you," she declared tensely-I love you so much I am ready to saclithe, sweet body against the glow, the rifice everything for you-life, liberty, in the drawing room-the woman was

"Hush, dearest, hush!" he begged. half distracted between joy and pain. "! mean it; if honor could hold me

"He sent you, eh?" Lanyard com-

"He was too cunning for me. I was afraid to tell you. I meant to tell-to precision that distinguished her every warn you this evening in the cab. And action proved her an apt pupil in that then I thought perhaps if I were cold and distant and let you go on believing me the worst of women-perhaps you misery and confusion. He knew what would go away, save yourself, forget

> They forced the truth from me by threats."

"They wouldn't dare-"

"They care anything, I tell you. But me, but to you, if I refused to tell them tormented and bullied me until I broke down and told them everything. And tered, had not even stirred; but some- when they learned you had replaced how she had divined that someone was the jewels here, Bannon told me I must there, in the recess of the window, return and bring them to him. He said the muzzle of a revolver. if I refused he'd have you killed before morning. I held out until tonight; then, just as I was going to bed, he received a telephone message, and told me you were driving a taxi and were being followed by Apaches and and shown her a room tenanted only wouldn't live till daylight if I refused."

"You came alone?" "No. Three men brought me to the gate. They're waiting outside in the

"Apaches?" "Two of them-I presume they're Apaches, at least. The third is Captain Ekstrom. "Ekstrom!" Lanyard cried in de-

spair. "Is he-" The dull but heavy slam of the great

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Strange Interview.

Releasing the girl instantly, before And since he was no more the Lone the crash had ceased to reverberate Wolf, but now a simple man in agony. within those walls, Lanyard slipped to one side of the doorway, whence he could command the perspective of they were both housebreakers and that salons together with a partial view of He was no more than established

there, in the shadow and shelter of the portieres, when light from an electrolier flooded the reception hall.

It showed him first a single figure, that of a handsome woman well beyond middle age, but still well poised and vigorous of mien, a lady of commanding presence. She was in full evening dress of such magnificence as to suggest attendance at some function of state. Even had he not known | would have guessed her to be the mistress of the establishment.

Standing beneath the chandelier, handbag. This done, she turned her head and spoke over her shoulder. Promptly there came into view a second woman of much the same age, but even more strong and able of appearance-a woman in plain, dark garments, undoubtedly madame's maid.

Handing over her handbag, Mme. Omber unlatched the throat of her ermine cloak and surrendered it to the servant's hands.

eavesdropper, and reassuring in so far and remember, I'll stand no nonas they indicated ignorance of any- sense! thing amiss:

to bed now." "Many thanks, madame.

night, madame." "Good-night."

staircase, while the mistress of the with which he complied. house turned deliberately through the salon toward the library. At this, swinging back to the girl in

a stride, and impulsively grasping her wrist to compel attention, Lanyard spoke in a rapid whisper, mouth close beside her cheek.

"This way," he said, imperatively drawing her toward the window by which he had entered. "There's a balcony outside—a short drop to the ground." And unlatching the window, he urged her through it. "Try to leave by the back gateway-the one I showed you-avoiding Ekstrom-"

"But you are coming!" she insisted, hanging back. "Impossible. There isn't time for us the price you've to pay for my hospitalboth to escape undetected. I shall keep ity." her interested only long enough to give you plenty of time to get away. But more than whisperings. And this was take this"—and he pressed his auto-muite instinctive, for in the passion of matic into her hand. "No—take it.

need it. Don't fear for me, but go-

And now, as naturally as though | to protest, Lanyard thrust her forcibly they had been lovers always, Lanyard through the windows, closed them, shot the latch and stole like a ghost round the farther side of the desk, pausing within a few feet of the screen and safe.

> The footsteps were muffled by a rug walking slowly, heavily, like one weary and thoughtful.

> Where the girl had placed it, behind the cinnabar screen, the desk-lamp was diffusion of its reflected rays was enough to project his figure in silhcuette against the glow distinctly visible to one on the threshold.

Now everything hung upon the temperament of the householder, how she would take that apparition-whether quietly, deceived by Lanyard's mumming into believing she had only a poor thievish fool to deal with, or with bourgeoise hysteria.

In the latter event, Lanyard's hand was ready planted, palm down, on the "I tried to carry out my program of top of the desk; should the other atlying to him, but he wouldn't have it. tempt to raise an alarm, a single bound get her to telephone while I stand guard over you." would carry the adventurer across it in full flight for the front doors.

In the doorway the mistress of the house appeared and halted, quick, it wasn't threats of personal injury to glinting eyes shifting from the glow on the floor to the dark figure of the the truth, the whole truth. They knew thief. Then, with a quick gesture, putenough of what had happened, ting forth a hand, she found the chanthrough their spies, to go on, and they delier switch and urned on a blaze of light.

As this happened Lanyard cowered. lifting an elbow as if to guard his face as if expecting to find himself under

The gesture had the calculated effect of focusing the attention of the woman directly to him, after one swift glance round had taken in the curtains that were still swaying at the window. by herself and a cringing thief. immediately it was made manifest that, whether or not deceived, she meant to take the situation quietly, if with a strong hand

Her eyer narrowed and the muscles of her square and almost masculine jaw stood out or mously as she looked the intruder up and down in silence. Eventually a flicker of contempt moderated the grimness of her dark countenance. She took three steps forward, stopping on the other side of the desk, her back to the doorway.

Lanyard trembled visibly "Well!"-the word boomed like the pening gun of an engagement. "Well, my man!"-the shrewd eyes swerved to the closed door of the safe and quickly back-again-"you don't seem to have accomplished a great deal!"

Lanyard gripped the edge of the desk, quivering. "For God's sake, madame," he blurted in a husky, shaken voice, nothing like his own-"don't have me arrested! Give me a chance! I haven't taken anything. Don't call the flics!" He paused, lifting an uncertain hand toward his throat, as if his tongue had

gone dry. "Come, come!" the woman answered, with a look almost of pity. "I haven't

called anyone-as yet." The fingers of one strong white hand were drumming gently on the top of well the features of Mme. Omber, he the desk; then, with a movement so quick and sure that Lanyard himself could hardly have bettered it, they slipped to a handle of a drawer, jerked she was restoring a key to a brocaded it open, closed round the butt of a revolver and presented it at Lanyard's

> Automatically he lifted his hands. "Don't shoot!" he cried. "I'm not armed-"

> "Is that the truth?" "You've only to search me, madame!"

"Thanks!" Madame's accents now discovered a trace of somewhat dry humor. "I'll leave that to you. Turn Her next words were audible to the out your pockets on the desk there-

The weapon covered Lanyard stead-"Thank you, Sidonle. You may go ily, leaving him no alternative but to obey. As for that, he was glad of the excuse to listen for any sound to indicate how the girl was faring in her flight. And he made a pretense of PARKERS -The maid moved off toward the main trembling fingers to cover the slowness

But he heard nothing. When at length he had visibly turned every pocket inside out, and their contents lay upon the desk, the woman looked them over incuriously.

"Put them back," she said curtly. 'And then fetch that chair over there -the one in the corner. I've a notion I'd like to talk to you. That's the usual thing, isn't it?" "How?" Lanyard demanded with a

vacant stare. "In all the criminal novels I've ever read, the law-abiding householder always sits down and has a sociable chat the first he had recognized in her a with the housebreaker-before calling in the police. I'm afraid that's part of amiability.

She paused, eyeing Lanyard inquisitively while he replaced his belongings in his pockets. "Now get that your reverie," Mme. Omber remarked, chair," she ordered, and waited, stand- "I don't mind telling you you're the that meeting both had been carried be- I've another," he lied, "and you may ing until she had been obeyed. "That's strangest burglar I ever heard of!" it-there! Sit down."

Resting herself against the side of stairway—the hasty, scuffling sounds The footfalls of Mme. Omber were sounding ominously near by this time; the speaker favored Lanyard with a "Is that you, and without giving the girl more time second inspection, at her leisure, the called."

hardness of her eyes modified, and that The voice of the maid replied: "Yes, anger which primarily had marked her "Well-don't, just yet. Wait there countenance gone by the time she

till I call you." 'What's your name? No don't an-"Very good, madame." swer! I saw your eyes waver, and The woman returned complete at-

I'm not interested in a makeshift alias. tention to Lanyard. "Now, monsieur of two minds, what

is it you wish?" "Why did you do that?" the adven-

turer asked, nodding toward the reception hall. "Tell Sidonie to wait instead of callcriminal always refuses to smoke in ing for help? Because—well, because

these scenes. But let's forget the book | you interest me strangely. I've a curiand write our own lines. I'll ask you ous notion you're in desperate quanan original question: Why were you dary and about to throw yourself on brought Lanyard instantly to the facemy mercy." "I am," Lanyard admitted tersely.

"Ah! Now this does begin to grow me why?"

"Because, madame, I have done you a great service, and feel I can count upon your gratitude." The Frenchwoman's evebrows lifted

you're unarmed; your voice has at this. "Doubtless monsieur knows changed in the last two minutes to that | what he's talking about-" "Listen, madame. I am in love with cringing and started thinking; and the a young woman, an American, a

way you walked across the floor just stranger, and friendless in Paris. If now and handled that chair showed me anything happens to me tonight, if I am arrested or assassinated-' "Is that likely?"

> "Quite likely, madame. I have enemies among the Apaches and in my own profession as well. I have reason to suspect that some of these are in this neighborhood tonight. I may possibly not escape them. In that event. this young lady of whom I speak will need a protector."

"And why must I interest myself in her fate, pray?" chances of escape. By this tin.e, he "Because, madame, of this service I reckoned, she must have found her have done you. Recently, in London, way through the service gate to the

you were robbed-" The woman started and colored with excitement. "You know something of my stolen fewels?"

"Everything, madame; it was I who stole them." "You? You are, then, that Lone

Wolf?" "I was, madame." "Why the past tense?" the woman

demanded, eying him with a gathering frown. "Recause I am done with thieving." She threw back her head and laughed, but without mirth, "A likely

story, monsieur! Have you reformed since I caught you here-"Does it matter when? I take it that proof, visible, tangible proof of my sincerity, more than a meaningless date would be needed to convince you."

"No doubt about that monsieur-the Lone Wolf!" "Could you wish better proof than that of restoration of your stolen prop-

"Are you trying to bribe me to let you off with an offer to return my

jewels? "I'm afraid emergency reformation wouldn't persuade you-"

You do well to be so afraid." "But-if I can prove I've already restored your jewels-"

"But you cannot." "If madame will do me the favor to open her safe she will find them there conspicuously placed."

"What nonsense-"Am I in error in assuming that madame didn't return from England until quite recently?" "But today, in fact-"

"And you haven't troubled to investigate your safe since returning?" "It had not occurred to me-

fore denying it?" Omber terminated a puzzled scrutiny by the open window. of Lanyard's countenance and turned

to the safe. "But to have done what you declare you Mave," she argued, "you must have

known the combination-since it appears you haven't done any breaking open."

The sequence of the combination ran glibly off Lanyard's tongue. And at this, with every evidence of excitement, at length beginning to hopemore than to believe-the woman set herself to open the strongbox. Within a minute she had succeeded, and the morocco-bound jewel box was in her hand.

A hasty examination assured her its

treasure was intact. "But why-" she stammered, pale with emotion-"why, monsieur, why?" "Because I had decided to leave off stealing for a livelihood."

"When did you bring these jewels here?" "Four or five nights since."

"But came here again tonight to steal a second time what you had stolen once?" "That's true, too." "But I interrupted you-" "Pardon, madame-not you, but my better self. I came to steal-I could

"And then-repented, eh?"

Town it."

about.

"Monsieur-you do not conceive. 1 fail to fathom your motives, but-"

A sudden shock of heavy feet trampling the parquetry of the reception hall, accompanied by a clash of violently excited voices, silenced her and

Above that loud wrangle-of which neither had received the least warninteresting! Would you mind telling ing, so completely had their argument



"Don't Shoot!" He Cried. "I'm Not Armed-"

absorbed them-Sidonie's accents were audible, clear against the grumble of two voices of heavier timbre-"Madame-madame!"-a cry of protest.

"What is it?" Mme. Omber demanded of Lanvard.

He uttered the word, "Police!" as he turned and threw himself into the recess of the window.

But on wrenching it open the voice of an invisible picket, posted on the lawn, saluted him with a harsh warning; and when, involuntarily, he stepped out upon the balcony, a flash of flame split the gloom below, a report rang loud in the quiet of the park, and a builet slapped viciously the stone facing at one side of the window.

CHAPTER XXX.

Many Things Happen Fast. Incontinently-with as little cere mony as though the bullet had lodged

in himself-Lanyard tumbled backward into the room, while to a tune of heavy boots clattering through the salons, two sergents de ville lumbered sliantly into the library and pulled up "Then why not test my assertion be- at sight of Mme. Omber, erect and composed beside her safe, and of Lan-With an incredulous shrug Mme. yard picking himself up from the floor

Behind them Sidonie trotted, wringing her hands.

"Madame!" she bleated -- "they wouldn't listen to me, madame-I couldn't stop them!"

"All right, Sidonia. Go back to the hall. I'll call you when I need you, Good morning, messieurs!"

One sergent advanced with a haltng salute and a superfluous question: Mme. Omber-" But the other waited on the threshold, barring the way.

Lanyard measured the two speculaively-the spokesman was old and fat, ripe for pensioning, little apt to prove seriously effective in a roughand-tumble, but the second was young. sturdy, and broad-chested, with the poise of an athlete. Furthermore, he carried, in addition to his sword, a pistol naked in his hand. And his clear blue eyes, meeting the adventurer's, lit up with a glimmer of invitation.

CTO BE CONTINUED.)

ELEPHANT GIVES FIRE ALARM | ALL BIRDS FLEE FOREST Baby Pachyderm's Grunts Save Large

Menagerie From Flames Only Just in Time. Credit should be forthcoming to Little Nemo. She, "the world's small-

legitimate story. street, Kansas City, in the East bottoms. There are ten cars. A spread-

ing barn protects the animals. The barnkeeper and assistants were ate struggle. playing rhum in the private car of Mr. Eschman. They heard big grunts from Little Nemo. They rushed out. The interior of the barn was blazing. The elephant had kicked over a gasoline stove in the straw. "Cap" Watkins hand-to-hand fighting. rushed in. Little Nemo was fast losing her senses in the smoke. It was the campaign preceding the battle of dark and the "Cap" groped about, untied Nemo's halter and shouted,

"Come, Nemo!" Nemo came. In the meantime someone had called the fire department. Before it arrived other assistants had removed the South American llama and the wagon of screaming monkeys from the barn.

Those Dear Girls. Aimee-Young DeSwift paid you such a lovely compliment last night. Hazel-Indeed! What did he say? Aimee-He said you looked enough like me to be my sister.

Bare Faced. Francis-And why do you prefer rachting to motoring? Frances-A girl doesn't have wear goggles when yachting.

Argonne, Where French and Germans Are in Conflict, Deserted by Their

Natural Inhabitants.

When the history of the present European war is written, the forest of est elephant," at last has gained a Argonne will be recorded as the place where more blood was shed than The J. H. Eschman World United in any other spot on the wide fields Shows winters in a couple of vacant of conflict. The French made a stand lots at Guinotte avenue and Salisbury there on the first German drive towards Paris, and, later, when the Germans were forced back, it was the scene of weeks and months of desper-

Not a bird is left in the forest and practically every tree, which remains standing, bears the mark of battle. It was swept by artillery fire time after time, and was the scene of desperate

But it was not the first time, for in Sedan, in the Franco-German war of 1870, it was the scene of many sanguinary struggles.

The forest covers a number of wooded heights, 800 or 900 feet high. in the northeastern part of France in French Lorraine and Champagne. It is about thirty miles long, and from one to eight miles wide. It is bounded by the sources of the Aisne, runs along that river to the Meuse and northward to Chene Populeux, separating a stretch of fertile plains from the barren steppes between Vitry and Se-

What He Said.

"What did the furniture dealer say when you told him the mirror he sent up was cracked?"

"Sald he'd look into it."



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When your shoes pinch or your corns and bunions ache, get Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into shoes and used in foot-bath. Gives instant relief to Tired, Aching, Swollen feet. Over 100,000 packages are being used by the troops at the front. Sold everywhere, Sc. Don't accept any substitute. Adv.

When some men start out to look for the deserving poor their first stop is before a mirror.

Tearful Note. The Texas onion crop will be 187,220 bushels short of the 1915 crop, though there has been an increase of 12 per cent in acreage, according to the estimate of the department of agriculture ment predicts that the state will pro duce 1,935,972 bushels this year, about 55 per cent of normal. The total acreage of the state in 1915 was 8,943 and this year is 10,057.

Legal Day of Rest. The New York court of appeals has given a decision sustaining the "one day-rest-in-seven" law that meets the strong approval of progressively minded citizens. The following sentences are worth quoting: "We have no power of decision of the question whether it is the wisest and best way to offset these conditions and to give employees the protection which they need, even if we had any doubt on that subject. Our only inquiry must be whether the provision on its face seems reasonable, fair and appropriate, and whether it can fairly be be lieved that its natural consequences will be in the direction of the betterment of public health and welfare, and therefore that it is one which the state for its protection and advantage may enact and enforce.-Chicago Evening Post.

Well Built Is Built To Win-

but in building brain and body, often the daily diet lacks certain essential mineral elements.

These necessary factors are abundantly supplied by the field grains, but are lacking in many foods-especially white flour, from which they are thrown out in the milling process to make the flour white.

Grape-Nuts

made of whole wheat and malted barley, supplies all the rich nutriment of the grains, including their vital mineral salts, those all-necessary builders of active brains and vigorous bodies.

To build right, eat Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"